

Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions fowle
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lavviers voyce,
That he may neuer more false Title pleade,
Nor sound his Quillers shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That scold'it against the quality of flesh,
And not beleeues himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to forcece (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld pate Ruffians
And let the vnscar'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actiuitie may defeat and quell
The fourse of all Ereccion. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counsell with more Money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue gi-
uen you earnest.

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell
Timon: if I thrive well, Ile visit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer see thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,

And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite breist
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puffe,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:
Enseare thy Fertile and Conception wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all aboute
Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Morfels Vicious, greafes his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration slippes —

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Alc. I was directed hither. Men report,

Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge

Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

Alc. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive

By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.
Alc. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy selfe.
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyft Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, paye thy heeles
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning tasse
To cure thy o're-nights surfer? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnhouse'd Trunkes:
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Alc. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Alc. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Alc. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Alc. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles,

Dost please thy selfe in't?

Alc. I.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Alc. If thou did'st put this fowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou d'st Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Our lines incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse then the worst Content.

Thou should'st define to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer clapt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breese world affords,
To such as may the passive drugges of it
Freely command't: thou would'st haue plung'd thy selfe
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters blust
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe
To some thee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou had'st not bene borne the worst of men,
Thou had'st bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Alc. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Alc. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,

I'd giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:

That the whole life of Athens were in this,

Thus would I eate it.

Alc. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

Alc. So I shall mend mine owne, by th'lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch;

If not, I would it were.

Alc. What would'st thou haue to Athens?

Tim. These thither in a whirlewind: if thou wilt,

Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.

Alc. Heere is no vse for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Alc. Where lye'st a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.

Where feed'st thou a dayes *Apemantus*?

Alc. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather

where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind

Alc. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Alc. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiosities: in thy Raggess thou know'st none, but art de-
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Alc. Do'st hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Alc. And th'had'st hated Medlers sooner, I should'st
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man did'st thou
euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meane?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, did'st
thou euer know belou'd?

Alc. My selfe.

Tim. I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to
keepe a Dogge.

Alc. What things in the world canst thou neereft
compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neereft, but men: men are the things
themselves. What would'st thou do with the world *A-*
pemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Alc. Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Alc. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt
thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse:
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee;
and still thou liu'd'st but as a Breakfast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,

& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horfe:
wert thou a Horfe, thou would'st be seaz'd by the Leo-
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spotted of thy Kindred, were iurors on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-
iect to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that
seest not thy losse in transformation.

Alc. If thou could'st please me

With speaking to me, thou might'st

Haue hit vpon it heere.

The Commonwealth of Athens, is become

A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the Citie.

Alc. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:

The plague of Company light vpon thee:

I will feare to catch it, and giue way.

When I know not what else to do,

Ile see thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,

Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggars Dogge,

Then *Apemantus*.

Alc. Thou art the Cap

Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough

To spit vpon.

Alc. A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villaines

That do stand by thee, are pure.

Alc. There is no Leprosie,

But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;

But I should infect my hands.

Alc. I would my tongue

Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,

Choller does kill me,

That thou art aliue, I swoond to see thee.

Alc. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall

lose a stone by thee.

Alc. Beast.

Tim. Slaue.

Alc. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought

But euen the meere necessities vpon't:

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue:

Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate

Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epiraph,

That death in me, at others liues may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce

Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler

of *Himens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow

That lyes on *Dians* lap.

Thou visible God,

That souldrest close Impossibilities,

And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tongue

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